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THE AUTHORS CLUB DINNER

TO

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

At the Savoy, New York, March 23, 1897.

Description of an Important Literary Event, reprinted from The Mail and Express, New York, issue of March 26, 1897.

(N.Y. 1897)

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(From The Mail and Express of March 26, 1897.)

It is predicted that the dinner given last night by the Authors' Club, in honor of Richard Henry Stoddard, will prove to be one of the pleasantest memories in the literature of this period. The occasion drew to the banqueting board of the Savoy the foremost figures in American art and letters. The homage paid by these men to the veteran poet was generous in its expression and significant of their personal regard as well as their critical approbation. As Edmund Clarence Stedman said in his address of welcome, it was "rendered to the most distinguished poet of his country and generation, still remaining with us, and still in full voice." Mr. Stedman's closing words gave the keynote of the celebration: "And so, with gratulation void of all regrets, let us drink to the continued years, service, happiness of our strong and tender-hearted elder comrade, our white-haired minstrel, Richard Henry Stoddard."

Many other voices of congratulation were heard at the dinner and some of them spoke from a distance, from New England, from South and West, from Italy and France and England. They came from writers whose fame is an inheritance of the world-wide republic of letters, from Daudet, from Austin Dobson, from Edmund Gosse, from Hall Caine, from Donald G. Mitchell, from Edward Eggleston, from many others no less well known on either side of the ocean. A graceful sonnet from Edith M. Thomas and a poem from James Whitcomb Riley voiced the tribute of two fellow craftsmen, and Mr. Stoddard himself was heard in "A Curtain Call" that tells its own story.

A STRIKING SCENE.

The scene when the guest of the evening recited this poem was a striking one. Mr. Stoddard stood at the right of Mr. Stedman, who had made the opening address. Not far away, at the same table, sat his son, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard. In a box overlooking the banquet room was the poet's wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, with a group of

ladies, including Mrs. Stedman, Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock and Mrs. Rossiter Johnson. Many eyes were turned to her as the veteran writer recited, in a clear voice and quietly, but with earnestness, the lines beginning:

"If I have any right

To come before you here to-night

It is conferred on me by you,

And more for what I tried to do

Than anything that I have done."

When he had uttered the concluding words of his "Curtain Call," the guests, who had listened with intentness, and even emotion, sprang to their feet with cheers and waving handkerchiefs. It was noticed that Mrs. Stoddard had bowed her head in a generous emotion. When the noise had subsided, Mr. Stoddard arose again and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you. You have accorded me the highest privilege of an English nobleman. I have been tried and acquitted by a jury of my peers." There were more cheers as he finished. Another graceful incident was when Mr. Laurence Hutton proposed the health of Mrs. Stoddard and her son replied in a single sentence.

As for the other addresses they speak for themselves. There was much of the fragrance of the olden time in the reminiscences of the white-haired writers who spoke, much of the flavor of Pfaff's, and of that choice bohemian life that was lived by the New York group of authors in the decade preceding the war. There were men at the banquet who talked of having known Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving and Fitz Greene Halleck, and all the company of the early immortals. It was like a voice out of the past telling of things it was good to hear, but of which one had supposed there was left no living witness.

The guests sat at four long tables, and facing them on a dais were the guests of honor, with Mr. Stedman presiding among them. Palms occupied the nooks of the apartment, and crimson roses predominated in the decoration. The souvenirs of the evening, in which the ices were served, were

a miniature volume, with a bit of the national colors about it, and an inkpot, on which sat a wise-looking owl. Music was discoursed by a concealed orchestra.

The menu bore two appropriate selections from the writings of Mr. Stoddard. The first was at the head of the card. It follows:

"Spirits such as his remain
In the noble things they wrought,
Whereof the whole to men belong;
His in grave and gracious thought,
And in the high, poetic strain
That is the burden of his song."

At the foot of the card were these lines:
"Whom the gods love die young," we have been told,
And wise of some the saying seems to be,
Of others foolish; as it is of thee,
Who proven hast whom the gods love live old."

The entire banquet reflected the energy and loyal zeal of the committee, which was composed of Edmund Clarence Stedman, Ripley Hitchcock and Edward Cary.

MR. STEDMAN'S ADDRESS.

When the coffee had come on Mr. Stedman arose to speak. He was heartily applauded on his own account. His address which follows has been pronounced a perfect example of literary art:

"Gentlemen: The members of the Authors Club are closely associated to-night with many other citizens in a sentiment felt by one and all—that of love and reverence for the chief guest of the evening. He has our common pride in his fame. He has what is, I think, of even more value to him, our entire affection. We have heard something of late concerning the 'banquet habit,' and there are banquets which make it seem to the point. But there are also occasions which transfigure even custom, and make it honored 'in the observance.' Nor is this a feast of the habitual kind, as concerns its givers, its recipient, and the city in which it is given. The Authors Club, with many festivals counted in its private annals, now, for the first time, offers a public tribute to one of its own number; in this case, one upon whom it long since conferred a promotion to honorary membership. As for New York, warder of the gates of the ocean, and by instinct and tradition first to welcome the nation's vis-

itors, it constantly offers bread and salt—yes, and speeches—to authors, as to other guests, from older lands, and many of us often have joined in this function. But we do not remember that it has been a habit for New York to tender either the oratorical bane or the gustatory antidote to her own writers. Except within the shade of their own coverts they have escaped these offerings, unless there has been something other than literary service to bring them public recognition. In the latter case, as when men who are or have been members of our club become Ambassadors, because they are undeniably fitted for the missions to Great Britain and France, even authors are made to sit in state. To-night's gathering, then, is, indeed, exceptional, being in public honor of an American author here resident—of 'one of our own'—who is not booked for a foreign mission, nor leaving the country, nor returning, nor doing anything more unusual than to perform his stint of work, and to sing any song that comes to him—as he tells us,

"Not because he woos it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still."

WORKING MAN OF LETTERS.

"Our homage is rendered, with love and enthusiasm, for his service to 'mere literature'—for his indomitable devotion throughout half a century to the joy and toil of his profession, in which he has so fought the fight and kept the faith of a working man of letters. It is rendered to the most distinguished poet, of his country and generation, still remaining with us and still in full voice. It is rendered to the comrade—to the man who, with his modesty and fortitude and the absence of self-seeking—with the quips and quirks that cover his gravest moods, with his attachment for the city which has given him that which Lamb so loved, 'the sweet security of streets'—it is rendered, I say, to the man who best preserves for us, in his living presence, the traditions of all that an English-speaking poet and book-fellow should be to constitute a satisfying type.

"There is, perhaps, a special fitness in our gathering at this time. I sometimes have thought upon the possible career of our poet if his life had been passed in the suburbs of the down-east Athens, among serenities and

mutualities so auspicious to the genius and repute of that shining group lately gathered to the past. One thing is certain, he would not have weathered his seventieth birthday, at any season, without receiving such a tribute as this, nor would a public dinner have reminded him of days when a poet was glad to get any dinner at all. Through his birth, Massachusetts claims her share in his distinction. But, having been brought to New York in childhood, he seems to have reasoned out for himself the corollary to a certain famous epigram, and to have thought it just as well to stay in the city which resident Bostonians keep as the best place to go to while still in the flesh. Probably he had not then realized the truth, since expressed in his own lines: "Yes, there's a luck in most things, and in none

More than in being born at the right time!"

"His birthday, in fact, comes in midsummer, when New York is more inert than an analytic novel. This dinner, then, is one of those gifts of love which are all the more unstinted because by chance deferred.

THE ROAD TO ARCADY.

"It was in the order of things, and no cause for blame, that, after this town passed from the provincial stage, there was so long a period when it had to be, as De Quincey said of Oxford street, a stony-hearted mother to her bookmen and poets; that she had few posts for them and little of a market. Even her colleges had not the means, if they had the will, to utilize their talents and acquirements. We do owe to her newspapers and magazines, and now and then to the traditional liking of Uncle Sam for his bookish offspring, that some of them did not fall by the way, even in that arid time succeeding the civil war, when we learned that letters were foregone, not only inter arma, but for a long while afterward. Those were the days when English went untaught, and when publishers were more afraid of poetry than they now are of verse. Yet here is one who was able to live through it all, and now sees a changed condition, to the evolution of which he contributed his full share. But he is no more a child of the past than of the present, nor need he repine like Cato, as one who has to account for himself to a new generation. He is with us and of us, and in the working ranks, as ever.

"For all this he began long enough ago

to have his early poetry refused by Poe, because it was too good to be the work of an obscure stripling, and to have had Hawthorne for his sponsor and friend. His youth showed again how much more inborn tendency has to do with one's life than any external forces—such as guardianship, means and what we call education. The thrush takes to the bough, wheresoever hatched and fledged. Many waters cannot quench genius, neither can the floods drown it. The story of Dickens's boyhood, as told by himself, is not more pathetic—nor is its outcome more beautiful—than what we know of our guest's experiences—his orphanage, his few years' meager schooling, his work as a boy in all sorts of shifting occupations, the attempt to make a learned blacksmith of him, his final apprenticeship to iron-molding, at which he worked on the East side from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year. As Dr. Griswold put it, he began to mold his thoughts into the symmetry of verse while he molded the molten metal into shapes of grace. Mr. Stoddard, however, says that a knowledge of foundries was not one of the learned Doctor's strong points. Yet the young artisan somehow got hold of books, and not only made poetry, but succeeded in showing it to such magnates as Park Benjamin and Willis. The kindly Willis said that he had brains enough to make a reputation, but that 'writing was hard work to do, and ill paid when done.' But the youth was bound to take the road to Arcady. He asked for nothing better than this ill-paid craft. His passion for it, doubtless, was strengthened by his physical toil and uncongenial surroundings. For one I am not surprised that much of his early verse, which is still retained in his works, breathes the spirit of Keats, though where and how this strayed singer came to study that most perfect and delicate of masters none but himself can tell. The fact remains that he somehow, also, left his molding and trusted to his pen. To use his own words, he 'set resolutely to work to learn the only trade for which he seemed fitted—that of literature.' From that time to this, a half century, he has clung to it. Never in his worst seasons did he stop to think how the world treated him, or that he was entitled to special providences. He accepted poverty or good luck with an equal mind, content with the re-

ward of being a reader, a writer, and, above all, a poet. He managed not to loaf, and yet to invite his soul—and his songs are evidence that the invitation was accepted. If to labor is to pray, his industry has been a religion, for I doubt if there has been a day in all these fifty years when, unless disabled bodily, he has not worked at his trade.

"We all know with what results. He has earned a manly living from the first, and therewithal has steadily contributed a vital portion to the current, and to the enduring, literature of his land and language. There was one thing that characterized the somewhat isolated New York group of young writers in his early prime—especially himself and his nearest associates, such as Taylor and Boker, and, later, Aldrich and Winter. They called themselves squires of poesy, in their romantic way, but they had neither the arrogance nor the chances for a self-heralding, more common in these chipper modern days. They seem to have followed their art because they adored it, quite as much as for what it could do for them.

GRATEFUL JUNIORS.

"Of Mr. Stoddard it may be said that there have been few important literary names and enterprises, North or South, but he has 'been of the company.' If he found friends in youth, he has abundantly repaid his debt in helpful counsel to his juniors—among whom I am one of the eldest and most grateful. But I cannot realize that thirty-seven years of our close friendship have passed since I showed my first early work to him, and he took me to a publisher. Just as I found him then, I find him any evening now, in the same chair, in the same corner of the study, 'under the evening lamp.' We still talk of the same themes; his jests are as frequent as ever, but the black hair is silvered and the active movements are less alert. I then had never known a mind so stored with bookish lore, so intimate with the lives of rare poets gone by, yet to what it then possessed he, with his wonderful memory, has been adding ever since.

"If his early verse was like Keats, how soon he came to that unmistakable style of his own—to the utterance of those pure lyrics, 'most musical, most melancholy'—'to the perfection of his matchless songs,' and again, to the mastery of blank verse,

that noblest measure, in 'The Fisher and Charon'—to the grace and limpid narrative verse of 'The King's Bell,' to the feeling, wisdom—above all, to the imagination—of his loftier odes, among which that on Lincoln remains unsurpassed. This is not the place to eulogize such work. But one thing may be noted in the progress of what in Berkeley's phrase may be called the planting of arts and letters in America. Mr. Stoddard and his group were the first after Poe to make poetry—whatever else it might be—the rhythmical creation of beauty. As an outcome of this, and in distinction from the poetry of conviction to which the New England group were so addicted, look at the 'Songs of Summer' which our own poet brought out in 1857. For beauty pure and simple it still seems to me fresher and more significant than any single volume produced up to that date by any Eastern poet save Emerson. It was 'poetry or nothing,' and though it came out of time in that stormy period, it had to do with the making of new poets thereafter.

"In conclusion, I am moved to say, very much as I wrote on his seventieth birthday, that out poet's laborious and nobly independent life, with all its lights and shadows, has been one to be envied. There is much in completeness—its rainbow has not been dissevered—it is a perfect arc. As I know him, it has been the absolute realization of his young desire, the unhasting, un-resting life of a poet and student, beyond that of any other writer among us. Its compensations have been greater than those of ease and wealth. Even now he would not change it, though at an age when one might well have others stay his hands. He had the happiness to win in youth the one woman he loved, with the power of whose singular and forceful genius his own is inseparably allied. These wedded poets have been blessed in their children, in the exquisite memory of the dead, in the success and loyalty of the living. His comrades have been such as he pictured to his hope in youth—poets, scholars, artists of the beautiful, with whom he has 'warmed both hands before the fire of life.' None of them has been a more patient worker or more loved his work. To it he has given his years, whether waxing or waning; he has surrendered for it the strength of his right hand,

he has yielded the light of his eyes, and complains not, nor need he, 'for so were Milton and Maenides.' What tears this final devotion may have caused to flow, come from other eyes than his own. And so, with gratulation void of all regrets, let us drink to the continued years, service, happiness of our strong and tender-hearted elder comrade, our white-haired minstrel, Richard Henry Stoddard."

MR. STODDARD'S REPLY.

The health of the poet was drunk with enthusiasm, and then Mr. Stoddard arose with this reply:

A CURTAIN CALL.

Gentlemen: If I have any right
To come before you here to-night
It is conferred on me by you,
And more for what I tried to do
Than anything that I have done.
A start, perhaps, a race not won!
But 'tis not wholly lost, I see,
For you, at least, believe in me.
Comrades, nay, fellows, let me say,
Since life at most is but a play,
And we are players, one and all,
And this is but a curtain call,
If I were merely player here,
And this assumption of his part,
I might pretend to drop a tear,
And lay my hand upon my heart
And say I could not speak, because
I felt so deeply your applause!
I cannot do this, if I would;
I can but thank you, as I should,
And take the honors you bestow—
A largess, not a lawful claim;
My share thereof is small, I know,
But from your hands to-night is fame—
A precious crown in these pert days
Of purchased or of self-made bays!
You give it—I receive it, then,
Though rather for your sake than mine.
A long and honorable line
Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,
Founded when this old world was young,
And need was to preserve for men
(Lost else) what had been said and sung,
Tales our forgotten fathers told,
Dimly remembered from of old,
Sonorous canticles and prayers,
Service of elder gods than theirs
Which they knew not; the epic strain
Wherein dead peoples lived again!

A long, unbroken line is ours;
It has outlived whole lines of kings,
Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
And nations pass away like flowers—
Ruin and darkness cover all!
Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
The endless ebb and flow of things,
The rush of Time's resistless wings!
Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
One thing remains: Letters remain!
Your art and mine, yours more than mine.
Good fellows of the lettered line,
To whom I owe this Curtain Call,
I thank you all, I greet you all.
Noblesse oblige! But while I may,
Another word, my last, may be:
When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
"This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could,
Not for his own poor, personal good,
But for the glory of his art!"

R. H. Stoddard.

March 25, 1897.

Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, secretary of the Century Club, spoke for that famous organization as follows:

"You will excuse me if I confess to a certain degree of embarrassment in being placed in such a position of prominence in so distinguished a company.

"If I were here in an individual capacity I should feel that I brought so small a leaf to add to the crown of laurel you are placing on the brow of our honored friend here that I should not be worth noticing, and even in a representative capacity resemble the old graduate of Harvard, who was present at a great alumni reunion on commencement day, when classes were called upon to pay their tribute to their alma mater. The class of 1815, which had been a famous one, was called upon, and from its list of distinguished men who had always been heard before, no one responded. The chairman called upon it again with the same result, when he exclaimed, 'Is there no one to respond for this brilliant class?' When a little, white-haired, modest man who had sat quiet arose and said that he had belonged to that class, and was one of its most obscure members, but he could not allow its representation to go by default.

"He was not fitted to respond for it, for he had never done anything nor ever been heard of. He had led a quiet, studious, happy life, unvexed by ambitious longings, and no one there knew him. The most he had ever done was to write a poem, which, with their permission, he would read, the subject of which was 'The Little Peewee.' The man and his appearance, the subject and the poem were so perfectly in accord that it was, as you can readily imagine with such an appreciative audience, an instant and unbounded success.

"But we all of us like to be associated with distinction which sheds a refulgent glow upon all within its influence, and we can appreciate that feeling in the Chicago gentleman who had a great deal to say of his travels in Europe; a friend with whom he was talking remarked that he greatly enjoyed the French literature. Thus he particularly admired George Sand. 'Oh! yes,' said the Chicago gentleman, 'I have had many a happy hour with Sand.'

"'You knew George Sand, then?' asked his friend with an expression of surprise.

"'Knew him? Well, I should rather think I did. I roomed with him when I was in Paris.'

"In the absence of more distinguished representatives, however, you will allow me to bring a tribute from that great body of comrades, admirers and co-workers in the same field as your honored guest, before whom he has gone in and out for years, who are knit to him with almost a family tie, the friends of his leisure, as well as his working hours, with whom he has communed, talked shop, talked the nonsense that is so refreshing to the tired brain, the friends whom he has charmed in seriousness and delighted in playfulness, by whose fire-side, like Tam o' Shanter,

'We sit brewing at the nappy
And getting fou and unco happy.

We love him like a very brither,

We hae been fou for weeks thegither,'

at the Century Club.

He needs no assurance of the regard for him there, it is on record in the archives in his honorary membership, in the greeting that always awaits him, the pressure of the hand, the friendly glance of the eye and the welcome voice from every group he approaches. There are voiceless welcomes to

him in those halls from those who have passed the river—and the breath of life and sweetness of remembered welcomes are in the memory of those poets and writers and artist friends the boon companions of the past happy years.

We know and understand and appreciate him there.

The struggles of the early years, the intellectual endowment, the patient, continuous labor, the cheerful, buoyant spirit, through trials and sorrows, ill health and privations, the manliness that uttered no complaining word, the helpfulness to others, the generous hand, the exuberant good nature and the high achievements of his life are our possessions, for they are his, and we cherish him as our own.

"Talking is there considered one of the fine arts, combined with other things. The Scotch, in spite of their assertion to the contrary, are not the only people in this world who can combine punch and piety. Heavy doses of theology, a sound philosophy, literary criticism, scientific discussion, poetry and gossip have all their running accompaniment, which cheers and lightens the topic in hand and gives it a grace and charm surrounding it in the smoke-clouded atmosphere like an aureole. You who know our honored friend can understand how he enters into the discussion and interchange of thought with all the intensity of his ardent nature.

"We all have a listening acquaintance with him, then. He opens up the subject frequently in the same manner as when he was opening tomatoes at home in the pantry. His wife heard him and asked: 'What are you doing, dear?' 'Opening a can of tomatoes,' he replied. 'What are you doing it with?' said she sweetly. 'With a knife, of course,' said he, savagely. 'Did you suppose I was trying to open it with my teeth?' 'No,' said she. 'from the language you used I thought you were trying to open it with prayer.'

"If, as has been said, brevity is a stratagem invented to conceal the poverty of the mind, he must have a large store of wealth there, for no one ever knew of his resorting to stratagem, and, if the small boy's definition of eloquence is correct, that it is the faculty that some have of speaking aloud for a great length of time, we may well call him the old man eloquent; but he has eager

listeners in any mood that takes him, for when a bird walks we see its wings.

"I cannot forbear extending a personal greeting of congratulation and regard to an old friend of forty years to mingle with those of this distinguished company in this deserved tribute to his worth and his achievements. In that Augustan period of American literature in the late fifties, just before the war, there were gathered here a galaxy of young men all of whom have made themselves famous by their pens, and some of whom were made glorious by their swords. It was my good fortune to know them all and to be let into their circle, for, although not a light in literature, I was like that generous contributor to the church of whom his pastor said that he wasn't exactly a pillar of the church, but a flying buttress supporting it from the outside. It was the day of Pfaff's, that unrivaled literary lager beer resort near Bond street, as famous as the Cheshire Cheese of Goldsmith and Johnson's time, with its host, the double in miniature of Edwin Forrest, when beneath the vaulted sidewalk were gathered nightly such choice and excellent spirits as Tom Aldrich, George Arnold, Fitz James O'Brien, Henry Clap, William Winter, Richard H. Stoddard, Charles G. Leland and many others whose interchange of wit and wisdom has so permeated those walls that if they could speak they would furnish a literary treasure that no volume has ever contained. It was the day of the daily "Vanity Fair," of Clap's "Saturday Evening Gazette," when Mr. Bryant and John Bigelow were personally editing the "Evening Post," and Mr. Godkin, the prince of editorial writers, was, on the eve of his principal editorship, writing for it. It was then Stedman wrote his 'Diamond Wedding' and was proving to the world what we at college had known him to be, a thorough poet of the highest standard, with the thought and measure and fire of the most approved masters of his art. There are recollections of choice evenings at that modest home in East Thirteenth street, where I used to go with Tom Aldrich—we were intimate friends then—where Stoddard and Bayard Taylor kept house together; when the feasts of roast oysters, Welsh rarebits and beer rivaled the suppers of Lucullus; when Richard Storrs Willis, who sang Jacobite songs and French chansonsettes as no one ever has or ever

will, and William H. Fry, the musical editor of the "Tribune," who was a master hand at "Down among the dead men"—poor fellow, he is among them now—filled the night with their melody; and, through sunshine and storm, we have been friends ever since.

"There was never a more attractive family than his. He had a brother-in-law, Wilson Barstow, the fairest specimen of a man the sun ever shone on, and such a grace was seated on his brow that it captivated all who knew him. There should be high honor awarded in the field of letters to the partner of his life, whose work in the field of literature is fully appreciated by those most capable of judging. It rivals that of Poe and Charlotte Bronte in power and fascination, and she has been such a helpmeet—appreciative, sustaining, helpful and cheering—through all the storms of life, that in honoring him you must not forget her.

"I look back over the intervening years and at sight of him grow young again, for, although his hair is white and his step is faltering, he is in spirit the same old Dick Stoddard still, and the words of Dr. Holmes express my feeling to him:

"The voices of morning, how sweet is their thrill,

When the shadows have lengthened and evening grows still.

The text of our lives may grow brighter with age,

But the print was so fair on the twentieth page.

I give you an health in the fruit of the vine;
The blood of the vineyard shall mingle with mine.

Thus, thus we pour out our dew drops of gold,

As we empty our hearts of the blessings they hold."

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

In a reminiscent vein Mr. Stedman spoke of the old "Putnam Magazine," and remarked that he had a file that nothing could induce him to part with. "In that magazine," he said, "Bayard Taylor and Stoddard and Boker first published the poems that they were willing should be preserved, and for it also Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier did some of their best work. The editor of the magazine at that time was Mr. Parke Godwin, who is here to-night."

Mr. Godwin said that although he laid no

claim to distinction himself, he had known nearly all the distinguished writers of this century, and he went over an imposing list of them. "The very first poem that Mr. Stedman ever wrote for publication," he said, "we printed. You can see what critics we were, and the public has ever since confirmed the judgment pronounced then."

Mr. Godwin reverted to his experiences on the old "Evening Post," and announced that he would let the banqueters into a few of its inside secrets. Of its reporters he said: "I remember Bret Harte as a man who regularly drew his salary, but never wrote a line. Another reporter was Walt Whitman. We had a young man named Browne on our staff who became better known to the world as Artemus Ward. Bronson Howard was a reporter on our paper before he had been heard of as a playwright. We had a great many authors of whom you never heard. Does any of you know Puffer Hopkins? Well, Puffer Hopkins was at one time the foremost name in American letters. He wrote novels, plays and poetry.

"When I think of the large figures in our literature, half a century ago—of Irving and Cooper and Fitz Greene Halleck and Cullen Bryant and others—I sometimes feel as if I would say to your club of authors: Are you producing such men as these? If so, trot them out. I know you have clever writers in this day, but are they the superiors of the men who have gone before? I shall not answer the question. We have elaborated the theory of evolution, but is there such a thing as the evolution of genius? Is not genius one of the miracles, unique and unaccountable? There is no scientific law that can explain the existence of such a man as Shakespeare or Goethe."

FROM ABSENT ONES.

The following letters and telegrams of regret and tributes to Mr. Stoddard were then read:

From "Ik Marvel."

Edgewood, 16 March, 1897.

Thank you for your kind note of the 13th (which came to me only yesterday). Its ceremonious part—*aunt the dinner*—gave me a shiver (so old and so home-bound am I). Yet there's no one of you—so near by and knowing him so much better—who would or could give a heartier greeting to

Mr. R. H. Stoddard; nor is there one of you who has a truer relish for the charming ways in which that favorite poet can twist our good mother-English into resonant shapes of verse. I pray you to tell him so, and that only the weakness of age—quickened by this wintry March—keeps me from putting in an "Ad sum." at the roll-call of your guests. Yours very truly,

Don. G. Mitchell.

Maarten Maartens.

Nice, March 10, 1897.

Your invitation lies before me. I know perfectly well that I am unable to accept it. Surely nothing would seem easier than to say so. Yet I have been sitting staring at the brief note for a long time, wondering why I did not write my reply. Nothing comes harder than doing what you don't want to do—unless it be doing what you want to do with all your heart. For I want, with all my heart, to send a few friendly words to my brother authors in America—to send my tribute of respect and good wishes to the veteran poet they are going to honor; I want to put my heart into the message so that it shall sound true. But I see the black words stiffening on the cold gray paper; how dead they will look over yonder under the calm light of a half-amused smile. The world is not sentimental nowadays. I have no wish to be out of the fashion. But I want you to believe me when I say that I have deeply appreciated the attitude of literary America toward my works; that no event of my career has caused me greater pleasure than my nomination as honorary member of your club; that my fellow-members and the cause they represent possess my every feeling of good fellowship and good will. I remain sincerely yours,

Maarten Maartens.

Alphonse Daudet.

Alphonse Daudet, sincerely touched by the kind invitation, regrets that it is not in his power to be present at the dinner in honor of Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, but the truth is, Paris is too far from the Authors Club of New York. Thanks for having thought of the youngest honorary member, who is terribly old all the same.

Paris, 8 March, 1897.

A Tribute in Rhyme.
TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

March 25th, 1897.

O princely poet; kingly heir
 Of gifts divinely sent—
 Your own—nor envy anywhere,
 Nor voice of discontent.

Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,
 And frail and weak of wing,
 Your height is ours—your ecstasy,
 Your glory, where you sing.

Most favored of the gods and great
 In gifts beyond our store,
 We covet not your rich estate,
 But prize our own the more.

The gods give as but gods may do;
 We count our riches thus—
 They gave their richest gifts to you,
 And then gave you to us.
 James Whitcomb Riley.

Mr. Dobson's Tribute.

London, March 6, 1897.

I am exceedingly gratified by the invitation you have been kind enough to send me, and but for the obstacle of so many leagues of tumbling water should have regarded it as one which would be in the highest degree censurable to neglect. For if there is one thing to which a literary man should be specially desirous of paying his tribute of respect it is persistent devotion to literature in those conditions (not exclusively literary) in which we live. Mr. Stoddard is, I think, a conspicuous example of this fidelity to his calling, and I should have been only too glad—had opportunity offered—to contribute my mite of personal recognition to such a time-tried and distinguished veteran of the muses. I wish your gathering the most unqualified success.
 Sincerely yours, Austin Dobson.

Pledging the Poet's Health.

Westbourne Square, W., London,
 7 March, 1897.

I am much gratified by the kind invitation of your committee to attend the dinner given to Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Were it possible for me to cross the Atlantic, no one would be more eager to be present than I should be. I rejoice at the honor thus so gracefully done. America, in my judgment,

does well to be proud of Stoddard—true singer, true lover of intellectual beauty, true inheritor of the great spirits of the poet. Please find a moment on that gay and auspicious evening to give him my affectionate respects. And tell him that on the 25th of March, at the very moment at which you sit down to dinner, the Omar Khayyam Club in London (of which I am the president) will be doing the same, and that one of our pleasant duties will be to drink the health of Richard Henry Stoddard over our Persian cups. Believe me,
 Yours very sincerely,

Edmund Gosse.

America's Foremost Lyric Poet.

London, 5th March, 1897.

I am honored by the invitation to be present at the Hotel Savoy on the occasion of the dinner to Richard Henry Stoddard, and my regret is genuine that it is impossible for me to be there. I doubt if there be any member of the Authors Club who can be in more cordial agreement with the homage to be rendered to Mr. Stoddard on this night of the 25th of March; so that, were it possible, I would not only gladly be present at a function so interesting to men of letters, to men who speak a common language and inherit in common the greatest literature of the world, but also as a tribute of personal esteem for one of the most distinguished poets and one of the best of men. When, some years ago, I paid my first visit to America, and was the guest of my dear friend Mr. Stedman, I was asked what man of letters I wanted to see first, and at once replied that I wished first to call upon Mr. Stoddard, whose lyric work had long delighted me, and to whom, in England, at any rate, it seemed to me that adequate justice had not been done. Since then our acquaintance has grown into what I feel honored by knowing to be friendship, and I am more glad than I can well say that Mr. Stoddard's colleagues and many friends and admirers among the men of letters of America have combined to render him this testimonial of their personal esteem, of their high regard for him as a writer, and of their appreciation of his services to literature. It is a sincere pleasure to me to have been able, in a small way, to introduce Mr. Stoddard's lyric verse to hundreds of readers in England who might not otherwise

have seen it. At the same time, it is a mistake to affirm, as I have seen in American as well as English periodicals, that the songs and lyrics of Richard Henry Stoddard are unknown in this country.

Some time ago I had occasion to give a lecture on lyric poetry to an audience largely composed of young Scottish students. When I alluded to Mr. Stoddard as the foremost living lyric poet of America the mention of his name was received with heartiest, and, indeed enthusiastic, approbation, and I was assured afterwards that several of the lyrics I quoted were familiar to his admirers among these young men trained to the lyric fire and beauty of an earlier and a national Stoddard, Robert Burns. Circumstances have much to do with the influence and fame of a poet in these days when talent is so infinitely more widespread than formerly; and it is almost certain that not even the imperious genius of Robert Burns would obtain for him now the recognition which he obtained in his own day; that is to say, it would be difficult for him to reach to the common heart of his countrymen with the swift and immediate appeal which was possible in the epoch wherein he flourished. We must remember this when we estimate the work of a lyric poet like Richard Henry Stoddard. Had he been an American contemporary of Burns, with his genius such as it is, there can surely be no question as to the place he would have now held in that literature which is neither English nor American, but the great Anglo-Celtic literature of our common race.

I hope to announce in time for the dinner that I have arranged in this country for a cheap and popular edition of the selected lyrics of Mr. Stoddard, and trust that the book will be another of the many links which connect the two great nations. For of one thing we are more and more certain, that it is the same pulse that beats in the same heart and brain in Edinburgh, in London and in New York—in a word, in that wide realm of our race which is under the guard of the two flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

In conclusion, then, let me again express my regret at my unavoidable absence on an occasion when I would so fain be present, and my cordial greetings to my many friends among the Authors Club, and most of all to Richard Henry Stoddard—to whom

length of years, good weal, happiness and honor. Sincerely yours,

William Sharp.

Honor, Love and Friends.

Isle of Man, March 6, 1897.

I thank the Council of the Authors Club of New York most heartily for the invitation they have offered me to be present at the dinner to be given in honor of our venerable literary confrere, Richard Henry Stoddard. The three thousand miles which divide our little island from your vast continent have never seemed to me a more grievous gulf. American authors do right to pay this tribute. They may well be proud of one who, through so many years, has given proof of his fidelity to the highest traditions to the profession of letters. To entertain Richard Henry Stoddard is to shake hands with the days of Edgar Allen Poe, and to link the distinguished past of American literature with the no less distinguished present. As English authors, we may properly claim the privilege of joining with you in this tribute. Your guest is no stranger in our country. We know him for a poet of true feeling and great charm. He belongs to the profession of English literature, as well as to the company of American authors. Ours is a great calling, and I think we are in loyalty bound to say so when occasion requires. It knits together in a bond more strong and intimate than any treaty made by statesmen the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. Therefore, in paying tribute to your distinguished guest, you are paying tribute to the noblest and most powerful calling that man can follow in this world. Heartily I wish him well. Show him that he has honor, love and troops of friends. Yours very truly, Hall Caine.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Moorlands, England.

I am advertised to read for a charity at 3 in the afternoon on March 25th, in London, so I fear that even if I were to start immediately afterward I should be a little late for your celebration in New York. But in spirit I shall certainly be there, for Mr. Stoddard's name is honored here as in America, and I should have been proud in joining to do him honor. May the occasion be worthy of its object! Yours as always, A. Conan Doyle.

From Mr. Garnett.

British Museum,
London, W. C., March 5, 1897.

I have received the invitation which you and the other members of the Committee of the Authors Club have given me for the dinner to Mr. R. H. Stoddard. I only wish that our ocean dragons had proceeded so far in their undertaking, some day to be accomplished, of abolishing time and space so as to enable me to testify by my presence the respect which I entertain for Mr. Stoddard as a poet, and a man of letters. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,
R. Garnett.

A Letter from Mr. Howells.

W. D. Howells, who was prevented from attending the dinner by an engagement of long standing in Buffalo, sent this letter:

New York, March 23.

* * * I will ask you to pledge him on my behalf, in a bumper of the best wine flowing at the feast, and give him my love, and my wishes for every good he cares to have. No man honors or values him more, or has greater reason to thank him for such joy as remains in the heart and mind from noble verse, than I who have the misfortune not to join you in hailing him at first hand. But you will translate me into better terms than my poor meaning, and will fitly greet him for me. Yours ever,

W. D. Howells.

From John Bigelow.

The Squirrels, Highland Falls-on-Hudson,
March 14, 1897.

I find myself somewhat unexpectedly summoned to fulfill an engagement on the 25th, which will put it out of my power to appear in person at the Savoy on that interesting occasion. I beg you to bestow on my behalf upon our gifted bard and cherished friend an old man's blessing, which includes a prayer that many long years may elapse before he exchanges the harp with which he has been wont to charm his friends and admirers here below for his golden harp and audience of angels. Faithfully your friend,

John Bigelow.

Edward Everett Hale.

Pinehurst, North Carolina,
March 12, 1897.

I regret extremely that I cannot join in your festival of the 25th instant in honor of our distinguished friend. Will you give him my best wishes for the future and thanks for the past? Very truly yours and his,

Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Linton's Regrets.

New Haven, Conn.
March 12, 1897.

I very much regret that I will not be able to join you at the dinner to my good friend Stoddard. I am sorry to miss the occasion of testifying to my admiration of the poet and my love for the man. Very faithfully yours,

W. F. Linton.

From Senator Hoar.

United States Senate,
Washington, D. C., March 10, 1897.

I should be glad to join in any mark of respect to Mr. Stoddard, one of the most charming of our authors. I heard his beautiful poem at Plymouth two or three years ago. But I cannot leave my duties here at the time you propose.

I am faithfully yours,
George F. Hoar.

Verses to the Poet.

To Richard Henry Stoddard:

O! most revered of all the singing throng,
Yet hasten not, although our evening star,

To fields of heaven beyond the twilight bar,

But with the voice and presence soothe us long.

Loved and revered, but eldest?—nay, 'twere wrong

To greet thee so—thou younger than we are!

Let age be counted ours because more far
Our birth, thine nearer the live source of song.

The flight of Youth thyself hast marked and sung;

'Tis the World's youth is gone and its large Dream!

They are not ours; and finished is the tale
Of great inheritors. Thou lingerest young,
A link between us and that youth supreme
For whom in Hampstead mute hath grown
the nightingale.

Edith M. Thomas.
New York, March 24, 1897.

Mr. Macdonough's Regrets.

It is with extreme regret that I am compelled by lameness occasioned by a broken leg to decline the polite invitation of the Authors Club to be present at a dinner to be given on the 25th of March to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard. Will you present to the club my acknowledgments for its courtesy? I have so long honored and admired Stoddard's genius that it is with the greatest reluctance that I forego the pleasure of taking part in this occasion for acclaiming him our national Laureate. Very truly yours,

A. R. Macdonough.

Absence Mr. Scribner's Excuse.

I regret exceedingly that my approaching departure for England makes it impossible to accept the very polite invitation of the Authors Club for March 25th. It would give me particular pleasure to join in paying so fitting and well-deserved a compliment to Mr. Stoddard. Yours sincerely,
Charles Scribner.

Other Letters.

Letters of regret, it was announced, had also been received from Bishop Potter, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Andrew D. White, Felix Adler, William Allen Butler, F. E. Brown, editor of the "Chicago Dial," and Edward Abbott, editor of the Boston "Literary World."

Belongs to Literature.

Washington, March 19, 1897.

If I could, it would give me the greatest pleasure to be present at the dinner to Mr. Stoddard, and to say or do anything I could to testify my respect for him as a man of letters whose distinction is of so rare a kind. I have always thought it of great consequence to this country that literature should have a character, as of a distinct calling and occupation and influence, such as Mr. Stod-

dard has helped give it. We ought, I believe, to make part of the great brotherhood of writers and thinkers the world over. I do not think literature, any more than art, has a country, or that a particular latitude or longitude is essential either to its growth or its best nature. Mr. Stoddard belongs to literature—to say that he belongs exclusively to us is to narrow his rightful fame and position. I beg you will express my regrets to him and to the club, and believe me, yours ever,
G. W. Smalley.

A Double Regret.

Illness keeps me away, to my disappointment and regret.

William Winter.
Tompkinsville, S. I., March 25.

From the "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

Congratulate Mr. Stoddard on fame well earned. Health and long life to him. Seven hundred miles off regret.

Edward Eggleston.
Madison, Ind., March 25.

While Mr. Hitchcock was reading the letters the following cable dispatch was brought to him:

Gilbert Parker's Dispatch.

Jersey, March 25.
Vive Stoddard. Gilbert Parker.

The Delayed Letter.

A day or two after the dinner the following note from Mr. Parker reached this country:

Isle of Jersey, March 16.

If a lifeline might be thrown from Fire Island to Nez or Guet, whose rocky nostril juts just beyond my home here (pro tem.), you should find me with you on Thursday, the 25th inst., to do honor to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard. It is granted to but few men to live the life as this distinguished gentleman has lived it. There are those to whom literature is a game, others to whom it is a profession, others to whom it is a sort of aristocratic recreation, and others to whom it is living and doing and breathing at once an art and an artery. These last are they who go on from good things to better, from a hopeful sunrise of

effort to a high meridian of achievement. You know, and I know, that Richard Henry Stoddard is one of these.

Upon the night of the 25th, that is about 8 o'clock of your time and 1 o'clock of this time, I will give myself the pleasure of drinking the health of the gray and beloved veteran of letters. Yours sincerely,

Gilbert Parker.

Col. Higginson's Regrets.

Col. Higginson's letter, which follows, also arrived too late to be read:

Cambridge, Mass.

My state of health, though now much better, does not yet permit me to leave home, but I should have been glad to testify my appreciation of Mr. Stoddard's long devotion to letters. Cordially yours,

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

MR. HUTTON'S ILLUSTRATION.

Laurence Hutton, as head of the Executive Committee, spoke for the Authors Club. In presenting him, Mr. Stedman referred to the collection of masks he had given to Princeton College. Mr. Hutton also referred to the subject of masks, but it was by way of illustration. He said he was reminded of the process of taking a mask by the proceedings of the night. "You cover the head of the living victim with sweet oil and butter," he explained, "and then heap piles of plaster on his head. Only his mouth is left free, and finally that is plastered over, and the unfortunate is left to breathe through a tube. In some kindly likeness to this process you are now treating the guest of the evening. You have covered him so thick with taffy that I perceive he is now breathing with difficulty through a Panatella cigar."

Mr. Hutton told of his first meeting with Mr. Stoddard. He found an invitation in the mails for him from Mr. Stedman to attend a reception at the Century Club, "but he didn't mean it and Mr. Stoddard didn't mind it," he added. "I had a glorious time at the club, and met Mr. Stoddard and a number of other famous men I had longed to see. I have liked Mr. Stoddard ever since. It was not until fourteen years after the incident that I learned the invita-

tion was not intended for me at all, but for Joe Hatton."

"The two best things about Stoddard," continued the speaker, "are his wife and son. It is well to be proud of what your father was, but it seems to me the proudest man is the man who can say he thinks he has made his father proud of him. I do not know what I can say to you, Mrs. Stoddard," said Mr. Hutton, as he glanced to the box where she sat, "except here is my love to you," and he lifted his glass in a health to the wife of the veteran poet. It was responded to by Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, their son, who arose and said simply and quietly, but with evident feeling:

"Gentlemen, I can only say I thank you."

Mr. Stedman then presented Richard Watson Gilder as "the poet and magazine editor." The latter said: "If one is not a poet in Provence, be he man, woman or child, he has to explain himself. But elsewhere, to have written verses is almost an occasion of apology." Mr. Gilder recalled a visit made seventeen years ago to one of the great masters of English abroad, and he said that his particular inquiry was about the poet Stoddard. Then prefacing the selections with the remark, "I wish to tell you of a few of my favorites among Mr. Stoddard's poems, without reciting them to you, and to ask those of you to whom they may not be familiar to read them and let the recollection of their beauty fill your minds," he mentioned the Persian and Chinese songs and "The Flown Bird," quoting several stanzas from the latter. The recitation was given with much expression, and was received most appreciatively.

STOCKTON'S PILGRIMAGE.

Frank R. Stockton told of his first pilgrimage hither many years ago to meet the poet. "One of the men I particularly wanted to see," he said, "was Mr. Stoddard. It cost me 45 cents. I was told that the surest way to get a glimpse of him and the literary coterie to which he belonged was to go to Pfaff's, order an omelet, a cup of coffee, and after that a mug of beer, and wait for the crowd. This all I did, according to instructions. I saw the seat that sacred to the poet. I saw the shelves where his literary confreres bestowed their pipes. But I did not then see

Mr. Stoddard. Finally I saw him at the Century Club, the old Century Club of Fifteenth street, with its great leathern arm-chairs. I learned to like to see him there, and I was disappointed when I did not find him present. He did not quote poetry to us, and he was not a critic, in conversation, but he could tell a good story, and he listened with patience to the stories you told him.

"I congratulate Mr. Stoddard on the position that he occupies here to-night; for he is the foremost man of letters in America and we have met in celebration of that fact."

The chairman called on Hopkinson Smith for what he styled "oral sorbet." Mr. Smith said that this was the first time that the Authors' Club had done so distinguished an honor to an American poet. He believed that the native literature produced as many names as the literature of the old world that are worthy to be held in the highest remembrance. "I was surprised and delighted," he said, "to hear the letters from across the water read here to-night and to see the generous recognition accorded abroad to American genius. And so, not merely because of his poetic gifts, but because he is an American, the fame of whose lines has filled the world, I would congratulate him to-night."

George Haven Putnam, the publisher, said in part: "It seems to be the proper thing for the publisher to pay his respects to the poet, inasmuch as in the present exigencies of our business we do not pay him much of anything else. Mr. Stoddard's work, beginning after the group of New York poets had passed what might be called its local period, has attained a national and then a world-wide reputation. His early repute was not of that restricted sort of which I think it was Halleck who wrote:

"His fame, outreaching far his own abode,
Extended miles along the Harlem road."

Thomas Nelson Page, like others before him, spoke of his first meeting with Mr. Stoddard. "I had associated him with Bryant, Hawthorne, Poe and other dead celebrities," he said, "and, to tell the truth, I had the impression that he was dead himself. I found him here, not only not dead, but swearing with an enthusiasm that promised many years to come. I found him the most hospitable of men, and I went back to Virginia with the feeling that has come to me again to-night, that he is gifted

with eternal youth. It has been a memorable privilege to hear Mr. Stoddard recite his poem to-night. That recitation was the best, I think, I ever heard. I have been called upon to represent the South, but I think there is no South, no North, no East, no West in literature."

INFLUENCE IN CANADA.

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, introduced as the foremost figure among the Dominion poets, said that Mr. Stoddard occupied a position as one of the first masters of what the critics in this country and England had been pleased to call the Canadian school. "Among English poets, the Canadian writers," he said, "have taken Wordsworth as their chief model. Among American poets they have gotten the most out of Emerson. In lyrical verse, Mr. Stoddard has been their great model, and their lyric forms reflect his influence as they reflect that of no other man.

"Everybody that knows anything about journalism knows that The Mail and Express is a great newspaper. But in Canada we know it chiefly as a necessary appendage to Mr. Stoddard. It is no small triumph for the genius of one man thus to overshadow the individuality of a great journal."

Of the last statement Mr. Stedman had this to say when he rose to introduce the next speaker. "Nevertheless, we ought not to forget the fidelity and loyalty which The Mail and Express has shown to Mr. Stoddard under its successive managements. To me it is a delightful reason for reading that paper that the words of Mr. Stoddard continue to be published there."

C. G. Whiting, editor of the Springfield "Republican," rendered the tribute for the literary men of New England. He said that Mr. Stoddard was the foremost living poet of America, and he tried to claim him as a Massachusetts product. "He was born and reared in Massachusetts," said the speaker, "and so were his ancestors before him. We claim him as our own. We want him. We consider that he is expatriated here. Two lines that he has written will always be remembered, and I want to recall them to-night:

"'Nothing is remembered long
But the life of song,'"

and that truth the fame of the poet exemplifies."

Mr. Stedman quoted the couplet about Homer, living and dead, to enforce his point that Massachusetts had not deserved the right to claim the poet as her own, and then called upon Francis Howard Williams, of that Philadelphia literary circle that centers in the Pegasus Club, but Mr. Williams contented himself with reiterating the sentiment of felicitation that was the keynote of the evening.

"INSPIRED AND CONSOLED."

Then Hamilton W. Mabie spoke briefly. He said: "I have been thinking of the representative character of this gathering, that is of the great number of people outside of this place who have been pleased, inspired and consoled by the words of the man we honor to-night." Mr. Mabie closed by applying to Mr. Stoddard the saying of Hegel: "The old age of the body may be weakness and decay, but the old age of the spirit is perfect maturity and power."

C. M. Dickinson, author of "The Children," said: "I am grateful to you for the honor you do Mr. Stoddard. He has delighted me, pleased me, rejoiced me, uplifted me. He has helped me by his songs. Everything in life has a glamour thrown on it by the inspiration of the poets. It was a happy idea of this club to pay to Mr. Stoddard the tribute he richly deserves."

This ended the speaking and the dinner broke up after Mr. Laurence Hutton had proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Stedman, which was rendered on the spot in the form of vigorous cheers.

The following was the menu:

Huitres Pointe Bleue.

Creme de volaille a la Reine.

Petites bouchees aux champignons frais a la Chantilly.

Truite saumon d'Adirondacks, sauce Hollandaise.

Concombres.

Filet de boeuf, Richelieu.

Tomates farcies. Pommes Carmelite.

Asperges nouvelles en branches.

Terapene a la Maryland.

Sorbet Litteraire.

Poulet du printemps grille au cresson.

Salade de saison.

Glaces de fantaisies.

Petits fours. Fromage. Fruits.

Cafe.

GUESTS AND DINERS.

At the guests' table were the following:

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| T. H. Williams, | Edmund C. Stedman, |
| G. H. Putnam, | L. Hutton, |
| C. P. Daly, | Richard W. Gilder, |
| Lorimer Stoddard, | Frank R. Stockton, |
| Parke Godwin, | O. G. Kiliani, |
| C. M. Dickinson, | Dr. Henry van Dyke, |
| R. H. Stoddard, | C. G. Whiting. |

Among others present were the following:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Nathan Lord, | T. B. Clark, |
| Prof. MacDowell, | Samuel P. Avery, |
| Dr. D. Stimson, | J. H. Morse, |
| W. R. Hutton, | Charles Collins, |
| C. O. Baker, | W. Bispham, |
| Ripley Hitchcock, | J. E. Learned, |
| J. C. van Dyke, | Myles Standish, |
| H. Schugio, | H. W. Domett, |
| J. M. Ludlow, | T. M. Coan, |
| Maybury Fleming, | J. Sachs, |
| J. D. Genung, | B. Sachs, |
| G. W. Warren, | H. King, |
| Spencer Trask, | Dr. J. S. White, |
| E. R. Seeten, | W. Logan, |
| L. W. Halsey, | D. G. Thompson, |
| J. H. Bridge, | W. W. Appleton, |
| W. D. McCracken, | Henry Holt, |
| R. C. Alexander, | C. H. Clapp, |
| R. E. A. Dorr, | William E. Dodge, |
| Lloyd Bryce, | J. W. Pinchot, |
| F. H. Scott, | G. Pinchot, |
| C. C. Buel, | A. S. Bickmore, |
| W. A. Stiles, | R. Johnson, |
| Henry E. Rood, | J. N. Bruce, |
| G. H. Trautman, | H. S. Brooks, |
| J. W. Champney, | W. Potts, |
| J. D. Smillie, | G. E. Pond, |
| T. Moran, | J. M. Stoddard, |
| Francis Bellamy, | T. B. Connery, |
| C. D. G. Roberts, | T. McManus, |
| J. Henry Harper, | S. S. Truax, |
| Brayton Ives, | F. Gotthold, |
| Beverly Chew, | W. S. Moody, |
| C. B. Foote, | G. H. Hazen, |
| Dr. E. Herrick, | W. C. Welter, |
| Edward Carey, | R. R. Bowker, |
| Col. Geo. E. Waring, | S. A. Blackett, |
| W. S. Frissell, | Oscar Straus, |
| W. C. Brownell, | F. H. Wiggin, |
| A. St. Gaudens, | T. J. Bixley, |
| R. N. Johnson, | F. H. Gibbens, |
| Smith Ely, | A. C. Morgan, |
| H. Robb, | Clifford Thompson, |
| D. B. Sicksels, | A. L. J. Smith, |
| G. M. Vanderlip, | C. F. Brusie, |

| | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| E. R. A. Seligman, | F. Cogswell, | E. C. Chamberlain, | Samuel Elliott, |
| E. S. Burgess, | A. S. Van Westrum, | Thomas N. Page, | Wm. T. Bulkeley, |
| C. W. Bowen, | F. H. Stoddard, | Hamilton W. Mabie, | J. J. Smith, |
| Bronson Howard, | H. Abbey, | Francis H. Smith, | Walter McDougall, |
| C. P. Lamborn, | J. D. Champlin, | William Cary, | H. E. Gregory, |
| Richard Harvey, | Henry Marquand, | William H. McElroy, | William L. Keese, |
| Thomas Hastings, | Dr. W. G. Thompson, | C. D. Gibson, | J. D. Barry, |
| G. R. Gibson, | Theodore H. Mead, | R. Bridges, | J. B. Gilder, |
| J. S. Greves, | E. W. Coggeshall, | R. H. Russell, | |
| S. H. Thayer, | Samuel Keyser, | | |

